

Ways My Mother And Lover Are Alike

after we've been a
part we usually fight
but ache hard leaving

they both say no
one could love you
like I do want me
glued to them

both are sure
they're always right

tell me I'm self
destructive adding
another coat of glue

sure there's not a
man in town who doesn't
have hot pants for me
that I won't know how
to handle

Eating The Green, The Quiet

november on the sill
claws curled under,
phone under the bed
in a locked room.
the maple huge black
walnuts catching up

Oh Yes, Or Tuesday

her face glowing
it was the way
red shines around
the sun where
there's too much
ice in the air